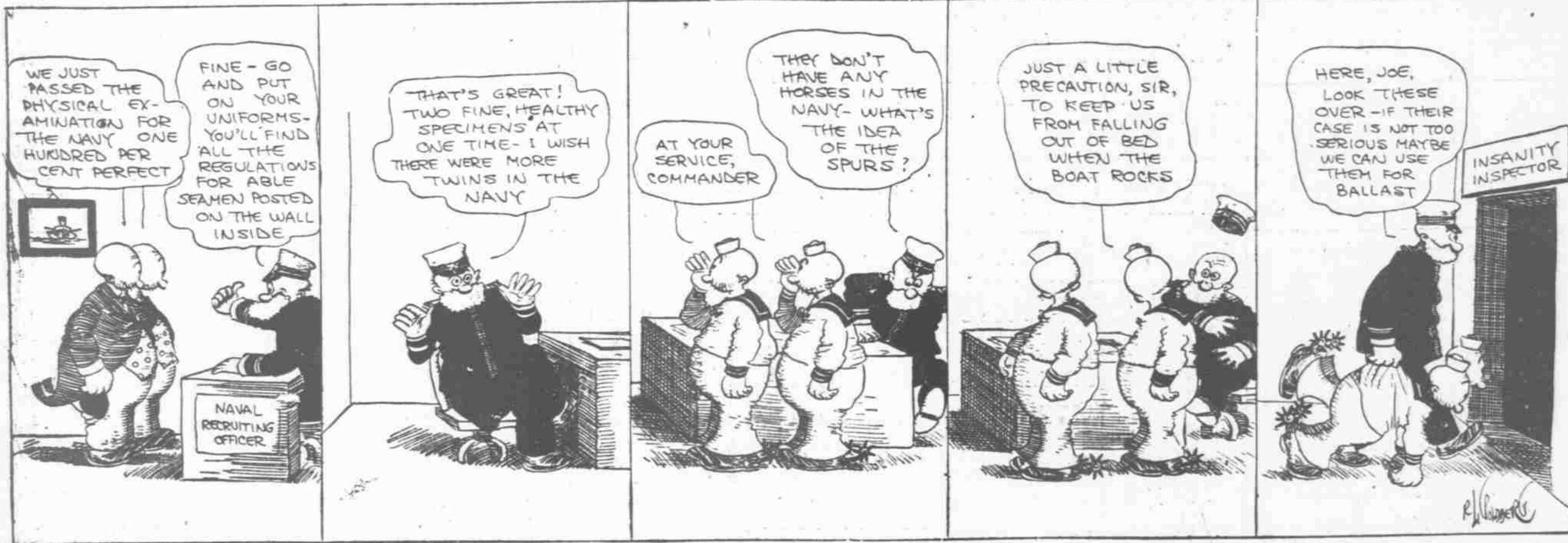


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By Goldberg



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BETTER TRAGEDY THAN LOVE VOID, SAYS GRACE LUSK

(Continued from First Page.)

some pupils, some who had lived in the same house with her at different times. They had all come, as witnesses for the defense, to testify to the unimpeachable reputation she had always borne. With these faithful ones about her, she took my pencil and wrote:

"Sometimes I wonder if another woman has suffered as I have suffered these hard months, these last tragical days.

"Of course, I know there must be others who have gone through the dark paths—sorrow is not for any one—but I can only hope that these others have fathers and loving friends as loyal as mine.

"GRACE A. LUSK." The morning session of the trial had been devoted to treating of what might be called Grace Lusk's "apology" for the taking of her own life, which she had decided upon at the time she wrote the paper.

In it she reviewed the unfortunate love that had brought her so much bitterness and unrest. Among other things, she says:

"I have a theory that love between men and women is stronger than all the ceremonies in the world. When that is lacking, there is no sanctity in marriage."

Since she wrote that, she has been forced to listen to the man she loved enough to reverse the good sound opinions she had been taught to believe in regard to love and marriage, repudiate her before the world, intimate that she was a vampire who pursued him and broke up his home.

Has Changed Views Now. I do not believe she holds such views in regard to marriage today. I think she has gone back to the sound views on family life that she was taught in her own home.

Her innate honesty is visible all through the paper. She had loved Roberts deeply enough to give him her life and her good name, and she wanted the world to know it, she wanted his wife to know, she did not want to continue to love him in secret any longer. In regard to this she says:

"Now that I have had to suffer, I am going to insist that he tell how matters stand, that he be honest with her (his wife). If he will not, he is afraid. He will have to be afraid of me this time. I am not the type of woman to be lied to. I am sorry, sorry, sorry, that this has happened, and yet I had rather have had this experience, as it has been, than to have gone through life without knowing what love can mean."

And after a few more sentences, the final paragraph:

"I want him to forgive me. I just cannot live as I have been living these last few weeks. I have been almost crazy with heartache and humiliation—there, weeping on her brother's shoulder, Grace Lusk heard."

She told the court she had gone to the phone to talk to a friend when she heard some one called "Grace" threaten another some one to send all letters to his wife, "special delivery," and then she went about trying to match up the identity of these two among the residents of Waukesha, as a conscientious shopper matches ribbon.

Mr. Roberts' mother was also called to the stand, a pathetic old figure in black. She had great difficulty in controlling her voice to give her testimony, and when she was asked about that last day, and if she ever saw her daughter again after she had gone to the Mills house, she broke down and wept.

It was by all odds the most dramatic day of a trial that has furnished more dramatic situations than any other in the memory of the State.

Waukesha, Wis., May 22.—What story will Grace Lusk tell when she takes the stand in her own defense today?

Will her love for Dr. Roberts seal her lips to testimony that might save her?

Or will she go ahead, her love madness broken by the attitude the horse doctor has taken during his testimony, and refute his charges and tell a story which may win her freedom?

"I am very tired." That was all she would say last night, after her aged father and her attorneys had pleaded with her in her cell for hours, attempting to influence her to cast aside any lingering shreds of her love for Dr. Roberts. No indication would she give of what she would do when she took the stand.

In consequence, all connected with the sensational case are waiting anxiously today for her to go on the stand. What she says and does there may prove the turning point in the case. She may decide whether she will be given back her liberty, or whether she will be convicted.

The feature of yesterday's session was the reading of the will which

read, in the cool, even tones of the prosecutor, the quivering words that she had never expected to see again, after the document had once been sealed.

Directions of Will. I could wish my bitterest enemy no bitterer fate than to have to listen again to these tragic sentences and to know that the man, for love of whom she wrote them, has since by every utterance merited the scorn and contempt of the world. After the reading of this "apology," her will was submitted. She asked that she be buried next to her mother in Stoughton, and that her funeral cost not above \$400, and she would be very kind if Mr. Westcott would say the prayer at the end.

"I think that perhaps the little new gray frock from Heller's will be ready for my last party. Fresh underwear will be in my top drawer. I want my turquoise pin with me, and my two diamond rings.

"Ask Jennie Hale and Mrs. Gregory if they will come out, and straighten things out. Perhaps Maude Shafer will help. Ask Maude if she will please write any necessary letters."

The disposal of her books, pictures, and jewelry to her host of friends was a most orderly procedure. The little belongings, the Oxford books, the Worcester china, the portrait of Whistler's "Mother" were so many lines that etched the girl's personality far more clearly than her mad passion for the little doctor. We got a picture of the conscientious young student who had put two years' work into one who scummed and saced and managed to take the little trips to Europe that had meant so much to her. We saw the girl with the scores and scores of friends who have stood so staunchly by her during this ordeal. But it was a heart-rending picture with so much to admire.

Grateful Let-Down. It was a relief, a grateful "let-down," when Mrs. Mayme Ward was called. Mrs. Ward was a lady who felt that she was in her constitutional rights when she "listened in" on her party wire.

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Grace had written before she fired the shot that killed Mrs. Roberts, and the shots that she had evidently hoped would kill her, too.

Altogether the will, carefully itemized, covered four pages, written partly with the typewriter and partly with pen. Each of her closest friends received something fragrant with the memory of the woman who was preparing for death. Myrtle Lull, her roommate, Bianca Mills, and others, were named. The names of her father and brother appeared. One thing she wanted buried with her, a married topsy ring.

All the rest she left. She even disposed of a collection of postcards and souvenir spoons and a subscription to the Atlantic Monthly. A file of this publication was left for the use of the literary club of which she was a member. The two steamer rugs she carried on her travels, and her hand-painted dishes were left, together with her favorite art treasures—a copy of "Dane and Beatrice," Whistler's "Mother," and a print of Canterbury Cathedral. A cast of the Venus de Milo was to go to a girl friend.

Oscar Wilde Books. Among the books she willed to friends were works of Rosetti, Longfellow, Oscar Wilde, Stevenson, Whitier, Keats, George Eliot, Shakespeare, and Lowell. As the tragic documents were read into court, Miss Lusk, who had been holding up so bravely, collapsed gently against the shoulder of her brother, Cleveland Lusk, and he put his arms around her, as her tears dropped and were blotted on his coat.

Earlier in the session she faced courageously the mother of the woman she killed, Mrs. Margaret Newman. The mother was called by the State, Dr. Roberts, with whom she had been sitting, assisted her to the witness stand today.

She sat there sadly in her black dress and black hat, and in her age fingers she clutched an old-fashioned black fan with an edge of feathers. Gently Special Prosecutor Corrigan asked her to tell of the last time she had seen her daughter—the day of the shooting, June 21, 1917.

"Well, I was home, where I have been living with Mr. Roberts and my daughter," said Mrs. Newman. "She went away in the afternoon and she did not come back, and—"

Tears Roll Down Cheeks. Great tears welled in her eyes and rolled down her lined cheeks. Mrs. Mary Newman Roberts, in Prairie Home Cemetery, may not be heard in this remarkable trial, but her mother's tears spoke for her on the witness stand today.

As she went, the State ended its questioning. Attorney James Clancy, for the defense, spared the mother any further questions. Grace Lusk sat absolutely without emotion.

Before the mother took the stand she was able to smile when Mrs. May Ward appeared as a witness and told of "listening in" on the party line connected with Miss Lusk's studio at the Y. M. C. A.

By applying herself to the task, it appears that Mrs. Ward was able to hear a woman named "Grace" demanding that Dr. Roberts take her somewhere.

Mrs. Ward, representing as she did the host of persons who will "listen in" on party lines, was an interesting witness, and she seemed to relish the telling of her story.

"I went to call up somebody," explained Mrs. Ward.

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plained Mrs. Ward. "I heard some people talking over the phone. Of course, I listened. He called her Grace, and he said she couldn't be feeling very well, and she said she was feeling all right for what she had to say."

The cross-examination was very simple: "I don't suppose you have ever told any people of this," suggested Ten Clancy.

"Oh, yes, I have," declared the witness. That was all.

Earlier in the day Policeman Redford was withdrawn to allow Prosecuting Attorney Tuller to take the stand and tell of searching the Mills house immediately after the shooting.

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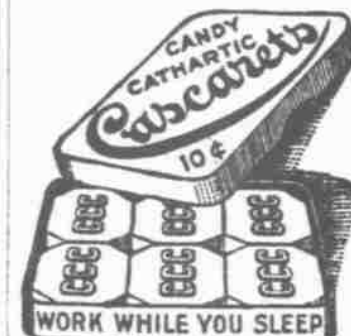
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